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primroses, gathered on the journey, are dropping to the ground.

It may be of some interest to our readers to see the prices obtained, at the sale in London of the collection of pictures and other works of art belonging to the late Mr. Rogers. A statuette of Psyche by Flaxman, realized \$625,—a terra cotta bust of Pope by Roubillac was purchased by Mr. Murray the publisher, for \$485. Drawings by the old masters brought as follows: A red-chalk study by Raphael for a madonna now at Vienna, brought \$700,—a drawing by Watteau \$400,—a fine study by Raphael for an "Entombment," sold for \$2200,—the Michael Angelo drawing of a man in a cloak, writing, for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, brought \$250.—Among the drawings by modern masters, Turner's Stonehenge was knocked down for \$1450. Sir Joshua Reynolds' three sketch-books during his tour in Italy were purchased by a Mr. Douglas of Brooklyn for \$60, \$30, and \$34 respectively. To show the value of works of art as an investment, we give the prices paid by Mr. Rogers for some of the pictures, and the prices obtained at the auction sale. A pair of pictures by Watteau, purchased at \$300. (60 gs.) brought \$1650, (330 gs.) Sir Joshua's "Girl Stitching," which cost \$505, was sold for \$1750,—a landscape by Sir Joshua, which cost \$775, brought \$2150. 'Puck' by the same master, which Reynolds sold for \$500, and which Mr. Rogers bought for \$1025, fetched at this sale \$4900. A Paul Veronese bought for \$200, sold for \$1900, one of Raphael's Madonnas which cost \$315, brought \$2400, &c.

At another sale of pictures by auction we notice that Turner's "Temple of Jupiter" brought 1300 guineas—\$6500. We also observe that a picture by Wehnert, "Caxton examining his first proof-sheet in Westminster Abbey," sold for \$525.

A FRIEND in Paris whose judgment is good and reliable, writes of Ristori, the rival of Rachel as follows:—

"I have been studying *la bella lingua Italiana* closely for the last month or two and I flatter myself I have made considerable progress in it. One ought to make progress when one has Ristori for teacher. I mean by that, I have been very often to see and hear her play, and a more splendid lesson it is not possible to have. I have seen her six times in "Medea," which is perhaps her finest rôle. She is magnificent. She has much the advantage of Rachel in nobility of person, in the pure and classic form of her head, and in her wonderful mobility of feature. She has all Rachel's exquisite taste in costume, all her intense concentration of passion, and infinitely more of a woman's heart and soul in her acting. When I saw Rachel I admired greatly her artistic skill, but it was purely an intellectual admiration. With Ristori one is swept away with her in uncontrollable sympathy. She is exceedingly pictorial in her acting, that is she represents the passion or sentiment that moves her with the greatest variety, yet with the most simple and natural gradations of expression—in her face, in her gestures, her attitude, and in the modulations of her voice, which in sweetness, depth and power, surpasses anything I ever heard. At the same time this great variety and detail of expression is so subordinated that it does not at all conflict with

its breadth and harmony. I saw her last in Mary Stuart. The impersonation is one's ideal of queenly beauty and dignity, with all a woman's tenderness. I wish you may be so fortunate as to see her on your side of the Atlantic."

GRINLING GIBBONS' CARVINGS RESTORED BY W. G. ROGERS.—It is a melancholy fact that the exquisite wood carvings of that Velvet Brueghel of the chisel, that Michelangelo del Campidoglio of the wainscot, Grinling Gibbons—are crumbling to dust upon the walls of various public churches and private mansions throughout the United Kingdom. Wonderful works of art—works of art quite matchless in their way—those carvings by Gibbons are perishing (not becoming merely injured, but literally perishing) at Wollaston, Petworth, Burleigh, Belton, Chatsworth, Oxford, Windsor, Cambridge, Cashibury, Hampton Court, Gosford House, Lowther Castle, and elsewhere. A little while longer—and there must be an end to even the faintest hope of their preservation. A terrible decay has been slowly consuming their very substance during upwards of a century and a half—insects honeycombing the interior and mildew spreading insidiously over the exterior, of these rare and inestimable productions.

What is that our poet laureate sings about the sea-shell in "Maud"?—

See what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure as a pearl,  
Lying close to my foot,  
*Fragile, but a work divine,*  
*Made so fairly well,*  
*With delicate spine and whorl,*  
*How exquisitely minute,*  
*A miracle of design.*

It is, for all the world, just the very image of a shell, a flower, a fruit, carved "fairly well" in wood by the magical tools of Grinling Gibbons!

The *modus operandi* of the restorer may be readily enough described. *Imprimis* he carefully takes photographs (for after guidance and comparison)—photographs of the carvings prior to their removal from the place where they have been slowly perishing as very precious but neglected ornaments. Next—he immerses these worm-eaten carvings bodily in a strong solution of corrosive sublimate, thereby most successfully "destroying" the secret cause of "destruction." Subsequently he restores the original color to the wood (lost by the influence first of all of the mildew, and afterwards of the corrosive sublimate), doing this by means of another very simple chemical application. Thereupon—having adroitly accomplished all this—he most ingeniously imparts strength and body to the fragile woodwork by injecting into its honeycombed interior, little by little, a magical compound of vegetable gum and gelatine. Ultimately—to crown all—putting the separate pieces delicately together according to the original design of Grinling Gibbons as preserved in the photograph—and so—*voilà tout*—here before us is the solid, substantial, accurate, all but miraculous restoration! Here and there of course a clipped-off fragment has to be supplied, but this only when such an addition is perceived to be absolutely necessary for the sake of completeness. Yonder a bunch of primroses—here the claw of a duck—there two or three of the wing-feathers of a woodcock. But invariably—at these times where a positive flaw has to be rectified, or a splinter repaired—the addition is effected by the restorer with a wonderfully reverential regard for the obvious design of the broken masterpiece. Out of all which delicate care, and exquisite caution, and scrupulous and conscientious handling of these lovely fabrications of the taste and genius of Grinling Gibbons—there come forth (under the loving hands of one of the latest and most successful of his disciples) these marvellous, and almost magical,

and all but miraculous restorations.—*London Sun.*

WELSH TRIADS.—This species of artificial memory, taking the form of aphorisms, and dating back even to the sixth century, often contains some very apt and philosophical criticism. As for example, how comprehensive, and yet exact, is the application of essentials to genius.

"The three foundations of Genius—the gift of God, human exertion and the events of life."

How applicable the next to the painter.

"The three first requisites of genius—an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares follow it."

So again:

"The three things that improve genius—proper exertion, frequent exertion, successful exertion."

No superficiality is here.

"The three qualifications of Poetry—endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought."

"The three pillars of judgment—bold design, frequent practice, and frequent mistakes."

"The three pillars of learning—seeing much, suffering much, and studying much."

## STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

PARKMAN'S VASSELL MORTON.\*

MR. PARKMAN was a young man, when he first gave the public some sketches of prairie life, and adventures among the Indians, and the present book has several incidental passages to remind us of them. A few years later, when about twenty-eight, in 1851, the work by which he is most known, *The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*, was published in Boston, his native place. There was a oneness in the theme, and a maturity of execution, that awarded him high rank among historians at once. His friends were naturally curious, when a novel was announced by him as forthcoming, and the result can not but be gratifying both to him and to them; for the book is such as only one of his ability and experience could have written. One sees at once it is the work of no tyro; the style is too scholarly and opportune, the characters show him to have had too much intercourse with both rough and polished life, and too much observance of all men; and there is too much mastership and freshness in its construction, for a novice to have written it. When a novel is the first attempt of its author at writing, there is always too much to remind us of the class of romances that incited it, or the novelist to be emulated. Vassell Morton is free from all such taints. It is not, moreover, made a vehicle for personal opinions, the cant of prejudice and disquisitions upon this, that and the other topic, after the manner of a certain kind of tales; but characters are introduced, act and speak, and the intelligent reader can fathom them as he would in real life, and is not bothered by blundering analyses of general character,

\* *Vassell Morton. A Novel.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856.

beginning "He was of that class of persons," &c. Suggestive writers are always most agreeable, if for no other reason that they flatter the reader's intelligence, and leave him to understand that he does not need to be told everything. De Quincey on that account is not very satisfactory reading. Ruskin has applied the gauge capably in his third volume of *The Modern Painters*. We will quote the passage:

"The true Seer always feels as intensely as any one else; but he does not much describe his feeling. He tells you whom he met, and what they said; leaves you to make out from that what they feel, and what he feels, but goes into little detail. And, generally speaking, pathetic writing and careful explanation of passion are quite easy, compared with this plain recording of what people said or did, and with the right invention of what they are likely to say and do; for this reason, that to invent a story, or admirably and thoroughly tell any part of a story, it is necessary to grasp the entire mind of every personage concerned in it, and know precisely how they would be affected by what happens; which to do requires a colossal intellect; but to describe a separate emotion delicately, it is only necessary that one should feel it oneself; and thousands of people are capable of feeling this or that noble emotion, for one who is able to enter into all the feelings of somebody sitting at the other side of the table."

Accordingly the conversations, when they occur, are easy, piquant, witty, but desultory, running imperceptibly from one topic to another, as real conversations do. His satire is never prolonged and ill-natured, but abounds in (as it would seem) accidental touches, which are the more effective thereby. The reader of his historical work will remember some elaborate descriptions of natural scenery. The present work contains nothing so apparently studied, but the few strokes which are used afford us something more than a glimpse, for they are those which could be most effectually used, without overloading the description. Take, for instance, the following, from the self-communion of the hero, when he was taking his daily half-hour walk on the ramparts of a secluded Austrian fortress for state prisoners, where he was confined, a guiltless inmate. He thinks of past days in New England.

"Heaven knows how or why, but at this moment I could believe myself seated on the edge of the lake at Matherton, under the beech trees, on a hot July morn. The leaves will not rustle, the birds will not sing; nothing seems awake but the small yellow butterflies, flickering over the clover-tops, and the heat-loving cicada, raising his shrill voice from the dead pear tree. The breathless pines on the farther bank grow downward in the glassy mirror. The water lies at my feet, pellucid as the air; the dace, the beam and the perch glide through it like spirits, their shadows following them over the quartz-pebbles; and, in the cove hard by, the pirate pickarel lies asleep under the water lilies."

A rival in a love affair at home had sent him from Paris to Vienna with letters, adroitly procured, introducing him to persons there suspected by the government, which he unsuspectingly delivered, and was soon arrested by the police, thrown into prison, from which four years later he effected his escape, by the aid of a corporal of the guard, who deserted in hopes of accompanying him to America. They are pursued, the Ger-

man is killed, and, under the disguise of a peasant, Morton reaches Genoa, and embarks for home. Arrived, he finds his rival had married the lady in dispute, but by fortuitous circumstances the complicity of her husband is found out and proclaimed, just as a financial fraud of his is discovered also, when he escapes to sea, and is drowned. His widow had never been happy with him, only induced to marry him, by a forged letter declaring Morton's death, which the husband had produced. Now that his perfidy towards the one she loved best was discovered, and her husband dead, nothing stands in the way of their union at last—and here the book ends.

As the writing of a man of refinement, and coming within our speciality, we quote the following conversation:

"I have observed that Mrs. Holyoke has not much of your liking for rocks, trees and water. I mean that she has no great taste for nature."

"At all events, she has an eye for what is picturesque in it. She is an artist, you know, and paints water colors extremely well."

"Yes, and whenever she sees a landscape, she thinks only how it would look on paper or canvas, and judges it accordingly. That is not a genuine love of nature. One does not value a friend for good looks, or dress or air; and so in the same way, is not a true fondness for nature independent, to some extent at least, of effects of form, or color or grouping?"

"It does not imply, I think, any artistic talent, or even a good eye for artistic effect; and yet I cannot conceive of a great landscape artist being without it, any more than a great poet."

"If he were he would be no better than a refined scene-painter. We are in a commercial country; so pardon me if I use commercial language. This liking for nature is a capital investment. She is always a kind mistress, a good friend always ready with a tranquillizing word, never inconstant, never out of humor, never sad."

"And yet sometimes she can speak sadly too."

Edith Leslie said no more; but there came before her the remembrance of her long watchings in the room of the dying Mrs. Leslie, when seated by the window, open in the hot summer nights, she had listened, hour after hour, mournfully, drearily, almost with superstitious awe, to the chirping of the crickets, the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will, and now and then the hooting of a distant owl.

"Here in America," continued Morton, "we ought to make the most of this feeling for nature; for we have very little else."

"And yet there is less of it here than in some other countries; in England, for instance."

"We are too busy for such vanities. Besides we are just now in an unlucky position. A wilderness is one thing; savageness and solitude have a character of their own; and so has a polished landscape with associations of art, poetry, legend and history."

"And we have destroyed the one, and have not yet found the other."

"The Fourierites, you know, pretend to believe that the earth is a living being, with a soul, only a larger one, like ours, that creeps on the outside of it. One is sometimes tempted to adopt their idea, and fancy that the changing face of nature is the expression of the earth's thoughts, and its way of communicating with us."

"A landscape will sometimes have a life and a language—that is, when one happens to be

in the mood to hear it—and yet after all association is commonly the main source of its power. The Hudson, I imagine, can match the Rhine in point of mere beauty; but a few ruined castles, with the memories about them, turn the tables dead against us."

DE QUINCEY\*

SOME months ago another house in Boston published the historical novel, *Klosterheim*, and it would appear without a due regard to the rights of republishing. De Quincey's writings have been tacitly conceded to the present firm, who, it would also appear from a letter prefacing these volumes, have made their English author a participator in the profits, without any legal claim of his upon them, or established usage to dictate it. We think it has been stated that the reason this novel had not been included in Messrs. T. & F.'s series, was, that its author did not consider it worthy of publication. However, since it had thus been presented to our public without his sanction, the American editor of his writings has given what we suppose may be called a warranted copy in the second of their volumes, while various other papers complete the work.

This tale, well constructed in plot, dramatic in development, and purporting to be an episode in the thirty years' war, is written in a style at once clear and strong, and with a straightforwardness that shows what the requisitions of progressive narrative can do for an author who is generally a laborious wanderer, reaching his goal through a maze of divergings. We are unable to conjecture on what the author founded his prejudices.

Certain explanatory notices of different papers already published in this series open the volumes; after which a few chapters of an autobiographic nature follow. Here it is that De Quincey appears objectionable, in allowing his peculiarities as regards himself to partake too often of the self-gratulatory and egotistical nature, a proceeding that one need not be much surprised at, who has observed the physiognomy of his head, as prefixed to a previous volume. To keep independence from wearing effrontery, is a task that a recluse might naturally find some difficulty in accomplishing. When Goldsmith went to the continent, Johnson hinted that he would bring home a wheelbarrow, as an invention worthy of adoption by Englishmen. We were reminded of this constantly by the talk expended upon the elucidation of common traits and phenomena, just as if the every-day observer of them had not experienced the same ideas. At the same time references of the most recondite nature were left wholly undisclosed. The utmost capriciousness rules his thoughts, despite an apparent elaborate philosophy that would deliberately weigh. He somewhere speaks of the old style of novelists, who always take occasion to tell the past story of every new character introduced, as soon as time is passed for the change of civilities. Now in just such a perplexing way, every event that happens must

(\* *Memorials and other papers*. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY, Author of "*Confessions of an English Opium Eater*," &c. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1856.)

be accounted for with a great ado of philosophy, whether we need to hear it, or already can divine it with the same intuitive powers that Mr. De Q. would seem to fancy he alone possessed. The man who lived at Oxford two years without speaking a hundred words must have practised the hermit during much of his life, or he would have known something of those capacities of thought, that are the endowments of ordinary humanity. His sentences too, are often clumsily patched, strong words being indeed in strong places, but their parts, fine in themselves, are consolidated without symmetry. Their span is not that of the ethereal bow, that comes into sight with harmony and perfection at once, but like that of a bridge, where each clause seems only as a pier to facilitate the construction of the next. However it is owing to the massiveness and depth of his intrinsic worth, that those faults are brought into such prominent relief.

The paper on Oxford is devoted partly to a comparison of the English and German University systems, tinged of course with a national prejudice. *The Pagan Oracles* is an historical disquisition. *The Revolution of Greece* a Review of Thomas Gordon's history of that event. *The Sphinx's Riddle* is solved according to his own ideas, and some dialogues on *Political Economy*, an analysis of Mr. Ricardo's system, close the work.

"*ABBIE NOTT AND OTHER KNOTS*"\* is a book of knots not difficult to untie. The author is a woman of feeling; a woman's nature animates the words, characters, and plots she provides for our entertainment. The style is musical, perhaps a little redundant, but it is lively and graceful and fully conveys the sentiment of a heart susceptible to the beautiful of nature, and exhibits an intellect which expresses the yearning to render men and women in harmony with each other, and with all things lovely. We are always arrested by a woman's utterances about herself—her sphere and her relations to man. Many there are who feel the disparity of position and character between man and woman, and many who give vent to their feeling intellectually through the imagination or by attempts at close reasoning; but how many are there among these latter class, who use their brain as a spade to dig to the source of their discomfort, reach the granite foundation where lies the source of their tears, where lies the cause of their lonely condition? Very few. Little do they imagine their own pure nature is that self-same rock. How little are they conscious of that strength which man makes weakness! They have not the power of intellect—that satanic engine which enables them to trace the difference between the operations of the brain and the heart—a kindred intellect to follow out the insidious twistings of a man's intellect. Women's hearts are true, without regard to man's, because they are morally superior, and in this lies the secret of their restlessness. The heart is ever active, and longs for control, and is at a loss to understand its powerless influence. The

reason is a simple one. When man succeeds in subordinating *his* intellect to *two* hearts, and proves that he has *one*—we shall hear no more of it. A happy goal, still but barely visible on the dim horizon of the future! We are led to these reflections by a few paragraphs in "*Idora*," one of the *knots* evidently of the book. For our part we do not care to see women "have access to any place of honest labor \* \* \* to the rolling insecurity of the waves," in the plain sense of the words quoted, except in the spirit of Katinka's reservation, "if we like it." On the contrary, instead of welcoming her into man's sphere of action, let not man intrude into woman's, until his own elevated nature reflects a moral sympathy in keeping with hers. Women now are infinitely superior to men, and their sufferings and wrongs are sacrifices of truth to error. Wear out error. Heart *versus* Head is the true bill of complaint between woman and man; it is the chaos of the head that disturbs the order of the heart. Woman's province is to make man better, and man's to reason upon the effect, and tell woman how good she is. Katinka's book is one of the imaginative class, with a great deal of meaning in it. There is a fine appreciation of nature throughout, and many beautiful descriptive passages, also many happy creations of character, all with a purpose in the mind of the writer.

THE STUDY OF ART\* is too important a subject to be treated lightly, too important to warrant ill-digested manuals to confuse and pervert inquiring minds. This work arranged under the various æsthetic and technical headings of the subject, each paragraph duly numbered, embodies sentiments often contradictory, backed by quotations relevant or irrelevant, as a text is wanted to suit the idea in hand. There is in the mind of the writer, an oscillation between Art and Nature, which indicates too much book-knowledge of one, and not sufficient appreciation of the other. Without looking broadly at Art in its historical development, authorities are quoted to support traditional sentimentality as well as conventional ideas of pictures and artists. As a sample of the ability to classify artists, we quote the following:—

"§ 52. The number of ideal artists is exceedingly limited. Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Francia and Correggio, are among the most eminent. Taking for a guide the rules of Art, founded on the laws of Nature, they expressed in their works their own conceptions of truth and of beauty. They take the highest rank among painters, for the same reason that poetry takes the highest rank among the fine arts; that is, *their works are the farthest removed from the reality of Nature.*"

Chapters xvi and xvii on "Symbolic Colors" and "Symbolic Emblems" are of interest, and facts are distributed about the book in various places, all of which, are useful in themselves, but they must not be confounded with the theories and assertions in which they are imbedded.

## COLOMBA.\*

A slight sketch of Corsican manners, showing the retaliating vengeance of rival families, where assassination takes the place of duelling, according to custom. There is no intricacy or surprises of plot; but a peculiar phase of life on that island is presented in a well-translated sketch. The execution of the book is neat and workmanlike.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Berenice.* A Novel. 1 vol. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston.
- Colomba.* By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Translated from the French. 1 vol. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston.
- The Earnest Man; or, The Life and Labors of Dr. Judson.* By MRS. CONANT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 1 vol.
- Vassall Morton.* A Novel. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 1 vol.
- The Life and Adventures of Robert Romaine.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 1 vol.
- Monaldi.* A Tale. By WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 1 vol.
- The Piazza Tales.* By HERMAN MELVILLE. Dix & Edwards, New York.
- Salad for the Social.* By the Author of "Salad for the Solitary." Dewitt & Davenport, New York.
- Study of Art.* By Miss M. A. DWIGHT. Appleton & Co., New York.
- Abbie Nott and other Knots.* By "KATINKA." J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

## NEW ART PUBLICATIONS.

- Notes on some of the Principal Pictures exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy and the Society of Painters in Water Colors.* 1856. By JOHN RUSKIN. London: 8vo. 48 pp.
- Analysis of Ornament:* the characteristic of styles, and introduction to the study of the History of Ornamental Art; being an outline of a course of sixteen lectures prepared for the School of Design, in 1848-9-50. By RALPH N. WURNUM. London: 8vo. 106 pp.
- The Scenery of Greece and its Islands.* Illustrated by 50 views, sketched from nature, executed on steel, and described *en route*: with a map of the country. By WM. LINTON. 4to. 96 pp. London.
- "*Torso.*" *Kunst, Künstler, und Kunstwerke, der Alten.* Von ADOLF STAHR. In Zwei Theilen, Zweiter Theil. London, (Embracing a survey of Greek Sculpture, from the beginning to the Emperor Hadrian's time. The subject is made agreeable, giving general conceptions rather than systematic information. Noticed in the *Westminster* for April, 1856.
- Geschichte der Griechischer Künstler* (History of Greek Artists. Von Dr. HEINRICH BRÜNN. (Issued in parts, not yet completed. Valuable and elaborate.)
- The History of the Painters of all Nations.* By M. CHARLES BLANC. New York.
- A Key to the Proportions of the Pantheon.* By JOSEPH TOPLING. London.
- \* (*Colomba.* By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Translated from the French. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 12mo. 810 pp. old style type.)

\* *Abbie Nott and other Knots.* By KATINKA. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. ]

\* *The Study of Art.* By M. A. DWIGHT. D. Appleton & Co., New York.